

## Arraigned on Charge of Treason.

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charge on the 21st December 1563. Mary appeared in the chamber "in no little worldlie pomp" to enjoy her triumph. Knox has immortalised the scene that followed, with a mixture of humour and grave earnestness, in several pages of his "History." The queen took her place in her chair at the head of the table, smiling, and even bursting into a laugh of exultation as her eye fell on the reformer standing bareheaded at the other end. "Yon man," said she, "gart me greit, and grat never teir himself. I will see gif I can gar him greit." Secretary Maitland stood beside the chair, by no means sorry at the prospect of the humiliation of the man whose terrible tongue had uttered such hard words against the ways of slippery politicians and cringing courtiers. The lords sat at either side of the table, and Mr John Spens, the Lord Advocate, Knox's friend, was present as accuser. Needless to say, the reformer was as self-possessed and uncompromising in the council chamber as in the royal audience chamber in Holyrood. He calmly acknowledged the handwriting of the letter presented to him. "Hard ye evir, my lordis," cried the queen, "ain mair despitfull and tresonable letter?"

"Maister Knox," ejaculated Maitland, "ar ye nocht sorie from your hairt, and do ye nocht repent that sick ane letter hes passed your pen?"

"My Lord Secretour," calmly returned Knox, "befoir I repent, I maun be taucht of my offence."

"Offence," answered Maitland, "gif thair wer na mair but the convocation of the Quenis leigis, the offence can nocht be denyit."

"Remember yourself, my Lord," retorted Knox, "thair is a difference betwix ane lauchfull convocation and ane unlauch-full. Gif I haif been gilty in this, I haif oft offendit sen I come in Scotland; for what convocation of the brethering hes ever bene to this day into quhilk my pen servit not? Befoir this no man led it to my chairge as ane cryme."

"Than was than," was the reply, "and now is now. We haif no neid of sick convocationis as sometimes we haif had."

Knox was launching into a characteristic demonstration that the devil was as busy in the land now as then, though he had put on the cloak of justice, when the queen interrupted.

"What is this? Methink ye tryffl with him. Quho gaif